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THE treatment of George Eliot by her fellow countrymen illustrates with ever increasing force the senseless and selfish distinction they make between men and women in regard to genius and character, between conduct and relative distinction in national honor.

A LANGUAGE which has no growth is indeed a dead language, and if it is really replete with life it grows from both ends. This must be presumably true of a language so cosmopolitan as ours. It is the common speech of many lands, and subject to a great variation of local influences. These influences must conspire to expand the language as a whole.

IN a perfectly just, well ordered household, even if only one servant is kept, there is time for rest and recreation. There is also good food and plenty of it, retirement, association, to some extent, with refinement and culture, and in this supposable family there is a comfortable room, for the servant the daintiness of which is optional with its occupant. But, unfortunately, mistress and servant have been working together for generations to produce a state of affairs quite opposed to this.

INSTRUCTION of deaf mutes has now been carried to a pitch that makes want of hearing for most of them their only loss. Originating in Italy and France, the science of education by signs gradually developed experiments in producing articulate speech without hearing. Except for certain congenital causes and a few accidental or hygienic misfortunes, speech is now possible to mutes. In many cases it is so like normal articulation that educated deaf persons may converse fluently without, betraying that they are deaf.

THE club is a necessary artical for the policeman, but, except when needed for legitimate purposes, it should be worn in the belt. Americans are an orderly people and are not governed by fear of the policeman's club. The latter is indispensable only when dealing with the rough element, fortunately very small in all American cities. Let the policeman by all means "comprehend the vagrom man," and when not engaged in this unpleasant but necessary duty comport himself as any other law-abiding citizen.

THERE was a time when the ideal condition coveted by women who craved unlimited freedom, was that of a widow with one child. Widowhood grows yearly less necessary, and though the single child is as desirable as ever, it is because a child is a pleasure, and not because one is needed as a protection. There is very little left in the way of the spinster who has enlightened parents; and the enlightenment of parents is making such progress that in the course of another generation we may expect to see it customary to provide for the inclination of unmarried women for an independent existence.

THE spirit of competition has so pervaded the domain of athletics, that it becomes all who love games for the relaxation and exercise they afford to see to it that they do nothing to encourage or to aggravate it. The antidote lies here. Then might we anticipate and realize a return to the simplicity of older times when the Queen of Love and Beauty dispensed the modest premium to the vanquisher in the tourney: or to that period, still more remote, yet not less worthy of imitation in this regard, when the victor in the games felt that he received his full meed of praise when he obtained at the hands of the gracious Roman matron the unpretentious wreath of laurels.

THERE is something in the very air and hardships of farm life that gives physical endurance and mental stamina which fits boys most admirably for the subsequent exhausting strain of metropolitan competition. Born among the green fields, the trees, meadows, brooks, the sky, the birds and free winds of the country, where nature displays itself in all its enticing glory and crowds the mind and heart with inspiration and aspiration, these men, of a broader type than their fellows, ambitious, restless and of indomitable energy, at the earliest possible moment abandoned the plow and scythe and rake, and started out to make their future home and to wrestle with the great problems of life in cities.

FEW persons are aware of the power of silence. Unfortunately the majority of human individuals indulge in a superfluity of words. The "unruly member" has been the cause of the sorrows and quarrels, and the wars that have afflicted and cursed humanity. And yet, with all its powers for good or evil, it has not half the eloquence of silence. There is the silence of contempt that withers with magnetic scorn its unfortunate object. There is the silence of despair that is eloquent of sorrow unutterable. There is the silence of joy when the countenance, all aglow with beautifying emotion, needs not the interpretation of words. There is the silence of dis- [illegible]

HER OWN BANK ACCOUNT.

HOW WOMEN IGNORANT OF BUSINESS PROCEDE.

A Little Thought and Study on the Part of the Feminine World Would Materially Assist the Suffering Cashier.

First, of course, she must have the money. The wavs of banks and the oft quoted trials of bankers with women have little interest for her who has nothing to deposit; yet as all things comes to her as well as to him who waits, sooner or later there comes a check, and because it has been so long in coming, and because the faith in its arrival was not strong enough to induce the woman who waited to spend the waiting period getting ready for it, therefore with her the cashier will have trials.

There is a boarding house keeper in Brooklyn who received a check the other day, says the New York Recorder. She may have spent much time

"I JUST SIGNED HER NAME."

waiting, and yet surely some checks must have come. Forty-eight hours after its arrival the man who gave it apologized. "I've just found out," he said, "that I mistook the name. I've only been here a week and I mixed your name up with the lady who sits next you at breakfast. The check was drawn payable to her. I hope it has not made you trouble."

"On, no," said the landlady, sweetly. "I know what people do in such cases. I am quite a business woman. I simply indorsed it with Mrs. —' name."

She who forged the check so innocently was as much a babe in the woods of banking as a white haired woman who entered a Brooklyn bank a few weeks ago, followed by a slim, short man. "I want to draw all my money," she said to the cashier, "and give it to this man. I shan't live much longer and he says he'll see to it I have a good funeral. 'Tain't likely, now, is it, if I leave the orderin' to you, that you'll see 't I have the white horses and a sheaf of wheat with everlastin' flowers? I couldn't really expect it where you have so many."

The cashier persuaded her not to hand her money over to a stranger and she went away comfortable in the thought that it would be after all, more respectable to have a bank to bury her.

She who expects to be a welcome costomer at a bank of deposit should know that it doesn't pay the bank to carry her account unless she keeps on an average at least $200 to her credit. If the bank accepts less than this from her it is out of curtesy, and therefore she is under special obligations to understand the details of checks and deposits, so as to inflict upon the long-suffering officials no unnecessary annoyance.

A pass book, a package of deposit slips and a check book come into a woman's possession when she has put her name and address into the bank's signature book and makes her first deposit. Cashiers always give small

TO BURY HER DECENTLY.

pocket check books to women. Wise women ask for the regular size. It saves trouble in keeping an account and it impresses the cashier.

Before making a first deposit she should count bills and specie and enter the amounts separately on the deposit slip. If checks are to be deposited the amount of each should be entered separately below the entries of bills and specie.

The indorsement of checks is woman's stumbling block. If a check is to be deposited which is payable to you, your signature on the back is all that is necessary, but if you are sending it to the bank by a messenger, or if you are indorsing it at home before starting, it is well to place over your own name the words: "For deposit." Then, if it is lost, a stranger will have trouble in cashing it.

If the check is payable to somebody else, as to Mary Smith, for example, Mary Smith must indorse it before she can turn it over to you. If your name is Ellen Jones, have Mary Smith, who may be paying you for board or for making a dress, place above her name the words: "Pay to the order of Ellen Jones." Then if you lose it the finder cannot cash it without your indorsement. When you deposit a check of this sort place your own name on the back below that of Mary Smith.

When your deposit is ready, hand it, with the pass book, to the receiving teller, and examine the book when it is returned to you to see that his entry corresponds with the amount you have given him.

It is a good idea to fill out two deposit slips, one for the receiving teller and a duplicate slip for a personal memorandum. On this duplicate slip it is a plan often followed to place the name of the person who signed any check included in it, as well as the date and amount. This will be useful if at any time a check you have received proves worthless.

[illegible]

[illegible]

vorce, says the Atlanta Constitution. "Mr. Bailiff," he said, "collect three dollars out of the couple." "I can't do it," said the bailiff, mournfully; "they hain't got a cent." "Then," said the editorial justice, "fetch the ordinary before me and make him issue a license, and I'll marry the woman to the first man who's got three dollars. This court can't live on air. Step up lively, gentlemen!"

CALIFORNIA'S COYOTE LAW.

Evil Results of a Measure for the Benefit of Sheep-owners.

California's coyote bounty law, which was passed in the winter of 1890-91 for the benefit of the sheep-owners, and which went into operation on the following May, is operating in a manner that is filling the taxpayers and the fruit-growers of the state with dismay, says the New York Evening Post. It provides that for each coyote killed $5 shall be paid out of the state treasury to the person presenting the scalp to the clerk of the board of supervisors of each county. Although only eleven of fifty-four counties in the state had been heard from, the claims of bounty aggregated July 11, $10,890. A banking firm in Tulare county, which had not yet reported, notified the state comptroller that it held claims for 4,000. Were all these claims based on the scalps of coyotes killed in California the case would not be so scandalous. But it has been learned that enterprising Californians are importing scalps from Arizona, New Mexico and Lower California. A customs inspector on the lookout for Chinese on the Mexican frontier recently seized a package of fifty coyote skins that the owner was trying to smuggle into the state. It is learned, furthermore, that the bounty has called into existence a new and profitable industry—that of breeding coyotes. As a female coyote can produce three litters of seven pups each a year, she is worth something like $300 to her owner. But this is not all the evil of this ridiculous piece of legislation. One of the most serious pests the California fruit-grower has to contend against is the rabbit, which is a particularly fine tid-bit for a hungry coyote. Consequently the extermination of the coyote for the benefit of the sheep-owners of half a dozen counties will be followed by such an increase of rabbits that the fruit interests will suffer seriously. This, with thousands and thousands of dollars that will be paid out for bounties during the two years that the law has to run, has aroused the press of the state, and there is a universal demand that an end shall be put to the evil at the earliest possible moment.

DUDLEY THOUGHT ALOUD.

Peculiar Adventure of an Earl in a Carriage.

The habit of talking aloud was a peculiarity of one of the earls of Dudley, and of this habit an amusing anecdote is told in the Sheffield Telegraph. Lord Dudley being invited to the house of a friend, had ordered his carriage at an early hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his mortification, after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage, it had not arrived.

One of the guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted, by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his.

The gentleman in question had to pass his lordship's house on his return home, and, though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and position in the country, were of course, well known to him. Nevertheless, they had not been seated in the carriage more then twenty minutes when the peer, who had up to that moment, maintained a most perfect silence, observed in a low but distinctly audible tone of voice:

"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose I must ask him to dinner."

He then lapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when, after a few minutes, the gentlemen, pretending to be afflicted with the same failing and imitating his lordship's tone, observed:

"Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner, for I shan't accept his invitation."

Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he himself had provoked, offered his hand with much hearty good will to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness, and from that night the travelers became inseparable friends.

A Cave Marvel.

The "second wonder of the New World" (Niagara claiming first rank) has been matched by a discovery in Josephine county, Oregon. Some fifteen miles from the California frontier and forty from the coast of the Pacific a party of hunters entered a chasm in the limestone ridge known as "Holden's Bluff," and, following the windings of the gorge, were surprised to find themselves in a dome-like vault, with numerous side chambers and one main gallery leading for miles into the interior of the mountain. An exploring party with torches and ladders came across a lake the next week, and found a waterfall pouring over a cliff of twenty feet.

Several of the subterranean chambers are divided by walls of alabaster, from six to ten inches thick, but so transparent that a torch swung to and fro on one side of the wall can be seen moving from the adjoining cave. In one of the larger halls the explorers found masses of gypsum bearing a strange resemblance to tables and benches, supposed to have been evolved by the collapse of former partition walls, and the subsequent formation of vertical stalactites. Here and there the recesses of the cave are strewn with bones that have not yet been identified, but may have been dragged in by prehistoric carnivora of the Pacific coast. The average level of the cave river is about fifteen hundred feet below the summit of the ridge.—Phila. Times.

A Musical Note.

Ethel—What would you advise me to do with my voice?

Maud—I shouldn't spend much on it [illegible]

THREE NOTABLE MEN.

ONE OF WHOM HAS RECENTLY PASSED AWAY.

Chief of the Capuchins, the James G. Blaine of Japan and the Late King of Opobo—Brief Sketches of Their Lives and Doings.

Father Bernard d'Andermott, the present Superior-General of the order of Capuchin monks, arrived in New York several days ago. The head of the other has never before visited the United States.

The Superior-General will remain in this country several months. He will visit every Capuchin monastery here, and will preside at the chapter of the order to be held in Detroit in September. It is expected that several important changes will be made by him.

Father Bernard was born in Switzerland in 1837. He joined the Capuchin

Father Bernard d'Andermott.

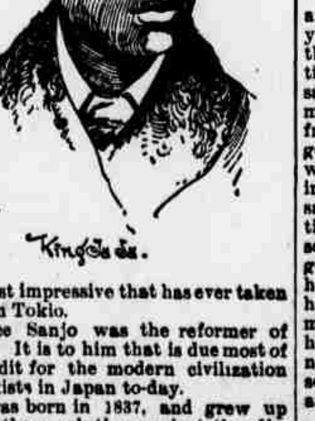
order in 1855, and was ordained in 1860. He did missionary work in Switzerland, and occupied many important positions before he was elected superior-general of the order on May 9, 1884. For the last two years he has been visiting Capuchin monasteries in all parts of the world. He spent a year in Africa, and was several months in the Orient. He had completed the visitation of the French and English houses when he sailed on the Gallia for this country.

Ja Ja is dead. He was once the chief of Opobo was Ja Ja, but he was deposed by the English government some years ago. His case attracted a good deal of attention in the house of commons and in the English press. The work of deportation from Opobo was intrusted to H. H. Johnson. Ja Ja, he said, was a runaway slave from Bonny, who found a refuge and a stronghold in the marshes of the lower Opobo river, and became the head and forefront of the middlemen, the champion of the reactionaries. He identified himself with the last rec il of fetishism before the spread of Christianity and clean living. He alone, among all the Oil River chiefs, actually opposed the introduction of Christianity into his country, and he actually forbade, and forcibly prevented, the landing of agents of the Church Missionary and other evan-

Prince Sanjo.

gelizing societies in Opobo. So soon as he departed, these agents were (according to Mr. Johnson) well received, and the opposition of the middlemen to the exploration and exposition of the interior entirely and quietly ceased. According to his friends and champions, however, Ja Ja was everything that could well be desired. They said he was arrested because he would not allow the traders in oil to break a treaty which England had concluded with him. He refused to separate his interests from those of his subjects and insisted upon the maintenance of the agreement which had been entered into. For this he was punished by fine and deposition. The cry of "Justice for Ja Ja!" was vigorously raised, but it fell on deaf ears. He was carried first to Accra, on the Gold coast, and finally to the island of Teneriffe, where he recently died.

Prince Sanjo, one of the brainiest men Japan ever knew, has recently finished his highly commendable career on the little island and gone to the land of his gods. His funeral was one of



King Ja Ja.

the most impressive that has ever taken place in Tokio.

Prince Sanjo was the reformer of Japan. It is to him that is due most of the credit for the modern civilization that exists in Japan to-day.

He was born in 1837, and grew up during the revolution against the dictatorship of the Tycoon. This difficulty was settled by a treaty with the American repre entative, Commodore Perry, in 1858.

In 1853 Prince Sanjo was one of those who carried negotiations from the Mikado to the Tycoon and was put in the awkward position of being condemned to death, with the Mikado's consent, when the other policy prevailed. He escaped, however, and did not appear again until the present Mikado ascended the throne. When the progressive party was successful, in 1869, and the Tycoon deposed, Sanjo came out in strong effect. The government was revised and modern education and trade ideas adopted. For a long time he was Governor of an important province and commander of the Imperial Guard. Shortly before his retirement Premier Sanjo was Prime Minister to the Mikado, and even after his honorable retirement he was a confidential adviser. Just before his death the Mikado gave him the highest titles attainable by Japanese subjects.

A DEADLY INFLUENCE.

Mesmerism Described as a Most Dangerous Science.

Talking of mesmerism (says a recent writer), I know of a case—and I can vouch for its truth—that borders on the marvelous. It occurred in the gardens of Count Pallavicini, near Rome, and the actors were a French journalist and an individual named Salvator. They were the principals in a duel. The quarrel was of long standing, Salvator having killed a friend of the journalist. The men fought with rapiers, and were both experts. I will quote the journalist's own words: "The moment I faced Salvator and crossed swords with him he gazed steadily into my eyes. I do not know what possessed me, but the idea that the man was trying to mesmerize me flashed across my mind, and, as you may imagine, made me feel rather uncomfortable.

"I was, at the time, considered one of the best fencers in France, and, relying on my skill, took matters rather easy. I am unable to describe the peculiar feeling that had taken possession of me. Although possessed of an extra degree of strength, I felt my arm growing more tired at every moment. Again I looked into my opponent's face; his coal-black eyes were still glaring at me. Then I knew that he had formed the diabolical plan of deadening my muscles by his devilish power, in order to assassinate me.

"I roused all my latent energies, knowing that I was fighting for my life. I fought as I had never fought before. Three times in as many seconds I touched him, but all this time his power was overcoming me. I could feel a heavy weight pressing on my chest; my wrist was almost powerless. With one despairing effort I threw myself on him, and then I knew no more."

His opponent's weapon had pierced his chest, a wound from which he however recovered. Salvator met a well-deserved fate in a gambling den in Florence, being brained with a chair.

Some Novel Things.

An Amager farmer has been arrested and fined for assault upon the Danish army. While entering town with a load of cabbage the war horse of the artillery took fright at his outfit and broke up the whole army.

The old-fashioned Russian wagon driver who carried passengers and freight long distances in his rude, self-contrived vehicle is still competing successfully with the steam horse in the land of the white czar.

The largest grapevine in the world is that growing at Oys, Portugal, which has been bearing since 1802. Its maximum yield was in 1884, in which year it produced a sufficient quantity of grapes to make 165 gallons of wine.

A fly caused the death of a man at Vienna. He was walking the street when the insect suddenly took a position on his forehead. As soon as it left a swelling appeared and the man soon afterward died of blood poisoning.

Divers in the clear waters of the tropical seas find that fish of different colors when frightened do not all dart in the same direction, but that each different kind takes shelter in that portion of the submarine growth nearest in color to that of the fish.

Ohio claims to have the largest oil well in this country if not in the world. It is located near North Baltimore, in Hancock county, and if permitted to flow its full capacity would more than fill two of the 35,000-barrel tanks every twenty-four hours.

The Salton Sea has now received its vindication and letters patent. The sea serpent has visited its waters and disported therein. The creature is described as being about fifty feet in length, with the conventional yellow scales, yawning mouth and great flippers.

The biggest doctor's fee of the age is the 2,000,000 marks paid by Herr von Donner, a Hamburg merchant, for Dr. Michelsen's cure of his wife. The money wasn't given to the famous Wiesbaden practitioner, however, but, at his wish, to found a hospital in Hamburg.

Vergennes, Vt., is the third oldest city in the United States, having been chartered in 1788. Hartford and New Haven, Conn., were chartered in 1784. Vergennes is probably the smallest and most quiet city in the country, having a population of 1,773 and covering only 1,200 acres of ground.

Wild horses are sociable in character and protect themselves against carnivorous beasts by herding together in large numbers. In face of any great danger, such as storms and fires, they unite in still larger bodies, probably from a sentiment akin to the human one at similar crises.

The hide of a former Cincinnati elephant, Old Chief, which was shot last February, has been stuffed, and with the mounted skeleton of the brute will be housed in a special building at the Cincinnati Zoological Garden. The hide weighs 1,100 pounds, and it has been stuffed with oakum.

"YOU ARE DRUNK, SIR."

A St. Louis Parrot Can Occasionally Hit It Right.

There is a parrot in St. Louis which exclaims when a man enters the room, "You're drunk, sir, and had better go away. I don't want to see you till you're over it." People wonder how the bird catches on, but the explanation is simple; it doesn't know how to say anything else, and, of course, in making the remark to every man it frequently gets near home. One gentleman who called thought it was the lady of the house speaking and rushed out of the parlor. She sat down to write a note of explanation to him, when to her amazement a servant brought her a note from the gentleman she was writing to, in which he stated that he acknowledged with humility that he had perhaps taken too much wine with his dinner, but had hoped on calling on her that she would not have detected it. As she had done so, however, he offered his most abject apologies and a prayer for forgiveness.

The Buttermilk Fiend.

The buttermilk fiend is out with another eulogy. "There is nothing," he says, "in the line of simple drinks which exercises a more beneficial influence on the general health. It is at once food and medicine. The lactic acid that it contains acts on the whole digestive system, while as a food it has already undergone a semi-digestion in the churning to which it has been subjected. Physicians are every day increasing the amount of that they prescribe for their patients, and in cases of liver and kidney disease it is invaluable. Instances are numerous of persons afflicted with Bright's disease living for many years in comparative comfort with no other medicine than a daily supply of buttermilk."

INTO A LAKE OF FIRE.

HOW KING BOMBA PUT HIS ENEMIES TO DEATH.

Some of the Many Terrible Crimes Witnessed by the Burning Mountain—Murdered His Wife and Guide.

The awful death of a Brazilian traveler, who recently toppled over into the molten lava of Vesuvius, recalls the fact that a number of persons are known to have perished in a similar way. In 1839 a merchant of Gaata named Lovera di Priola deliberately committed suicide by leaping into the crater of the mountain, in which a lake of fire was raging, and sending up at intervals volumns of deadly, sulphuric fumes.

The burning mountain has witnessed darker crimes than suicide. Italians have not forgotten the sensation caused in 1850, when a Frenchman named Chabrol, from Bordeaux, was arrested on a charge of having murdered his wife and guide named Collegno by pushing them into the crater. There was no evidence except circumstantial to sustain the charge of murder, and confession wrung out by torture is not the best corroboration. But there was never any doubt among the fellow-guides of Collegno that both the latter and Mme. Chabrol were pushed into the crater.

As to what happened on the mountain only Chabrol survived to tell. As he told the story first, he said that, although the ground was warm, a few jets of vapor and gases, called fumaroles by the Italians, escaping from small fissures, were the only signs of volcanic activity. Mme. Chabrol wanted to see more, and asked the guide to approach the edge of the crater, M. Chabrol in vain endeavoring to dissuade his wife from such dangerous curiosity. The guide joined the husband in protesting, but, as the madame threatened to go alone, Collegno said he would accompany her. Chabrol remained at a distance. The guide and Mme. Chabrol were standing looking into the crater when a volume of sulphurous vapor, rising from the pit, hid them from view, and compelled Chabrol himself to retreat some distance. When the cloud cleared away neither guide nor woman could be seen.

Chabrol's story seemed plausible, and the authorities were willing to accept it and would have released him. Collegno's friends were not satisfied, however. They thought him too experienced a guide to have perished in that way, and they felt convinced that Chabrol was a murderer. The wife and daughter of Collegno went to Naples and obtained an audience with King Bomba's Minister of Justice. Chabrol was put under arrest. Under pressure of the peculiar methods then frequently resorted to in Naples he at length confessed that he had killed his wife and the guide by pushing them both into the lake of fire that boiled beneath in the crater.

His motive for murdering his wife was to marry a young person who was with him in his travels as a niece. He got rid of the guide because the latter would have otherwise been a witness of the wife-murder. Chabrol was executed in Naples.

Racchia who took part in the insurrection of 1849, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life in a dungeon, was never heard of afterward, and was not found in the dungeon when Poerio and others were liberated.

Racchia was peculiarly obnoxious to the King because he spat upon his majesty's portrait in the palace at Capuce, and had said many offensive things about Bomba. It is a tradition in Naples that, on the night following the sentence, Racchia was taken from his dungeon, pinioned hand and foot, carried to the top of Mt. Vesuvius and thrown into the crater. Bomba was so ingenious in devising torture for his victims that the tradition is probably true.

The most recent cause of death in the molten lake previous to that of the Brazilian, De Silvas, was that of M. Vignes from Besancon. Vignes undoubtedly committed suicide during the eruptions of 1862, or, to be precise, just before they began. He left his guide and leaped into the chasm, and was never seen or heard from again. He did not even cry out. A love affair is said to have prompted Vignes to self destruction. He was only 32 years of age. At that time there was some discussion as to the suffering attending such a method of suicide.

The opinion generally expressed by medicine men, says the Chicago Herald, was that the man was unconscious from the sulphur fumes before the awful dip into the liquid mass of melted rock, and that Vignes had endured no pain. A band of brigands that flourished in the woods on the slopes of Etna in 1868, under the leadership of the infamous Morozzo, used to threaten their victim with death in the volcano in the event of the ransom not being paid. Whether they ever carried out the threat is not known, but it is thought possible. At least they frequently had prisoners in whose redemption nobody took any interest, and the peasants have always said that Morozzo sank some of them in the bowels of Mount Etna.

Parceling Africa.

Africa is slowly but surely passing from the control of the native rulers. It comprises about 11,000,000 square miles, of which only 3,500,000 are governed by Africans. France has 2,309,217 square miles; England, 1,900,445; Germany, 1,035,720; Congo Free State, 1,000,000; Portugal, 774,998; Italy, 360,000, and Spain, 210,000. While the share of France is largest England's is most valuable.

Worse and More of It.

Irate Subscriber—I demand to see the editor. Where is he?

Printer—He's in the loft. The citizens tarred and feathered him last night.

I. S.—Yes, and that's just what I want to see him about. The tar belonged to me, and I want the editor to pay for it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Less Jaw, More Brain.

Another scientific observer publishes a pamphlet to show that the European jaw is narrowing through the lesser severity of its labors that accompanies civilized food. The lower jaws of the later English are smaller than those of ancient Britons, or even Australians.

A SMALL SERMON.

Like the Moth That Flies Into the Candle, in Danger.

The night was dark, and as the doctor tripped homeward from the late train he fell over the boy's bicycle, and lay for some moments prone upon the damp earth. When at last he came into the lighted parlor he told us that he had been swearing, writes Amber in the Chicago Herald, and, what was more, he would do it again under similar circumstances. "For," said he, "if this confounded village council can't be made to light their measly lamps, it is time that men swore!"

"But what good will swearing do?" asked grandma, looking for all the world like a blessed angel ready to fly away to heaven, with the lamplight shining upon her thistle-down puffs of hair. "Do you really think," continued she, "that taking things hard, and putting our precious souls in danger of eternal loss by using bad language, will help those rough things to move more smoothly? In my estimation," and here the old lady's voice dropped so low that we could hardly catch her words, "the man who takes the name of God in vain for every little mishap is like the moth that flies into the lamp; he is in danger of being scorched and shriveled in the flame."

"Oh, I didn't really swear," said the doctor, "I only said 'damn it!' A man can't get along without saying that sometimes; it acts like the safety cock in a boiler, lets off superfluous force and prevents disaster. We call it swearing, but it is no more profane than the 'Oh, Lord!' and the 'Good gracious of an irritated woman."

"For my part," said the young person, who, from vast experience with the darker side of human nature, might well be expected to talk wisely; "I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for a man who didn't use strong language now and then. If there is anything we girls absolutely loathe it is mealy-mouthed, meek goody-goodies, who never drink anything stronger than buttermilk, nor——"

"To be manly and strong," broke in the middle-aged aunt, "does not necessitate either hard drinking, profanity, or the adaptability of the prize-fighter. If you have a good horse you are content with it as a good horse, without requiring the ferocity of the tiger, the bulk of the buffalo or the speed of the ostrich. The same way with a man. A hero can be heroic without being brutal, a brave man can be courageous without developing the biceps of a ring bully, and a man can be manly without getting drunk or taking God's name in vain to prove his manliness."

Heads of More and Raleigh.

When the wise and witty Sir Thomas More was beheaded his head was stuck on a pole on London bridge, where it was exposed for fourteen days, much to the grief of his daughter, Margaret Roper, who resolved to secure it. "One day," says Aubrey, "as she was passing under the bridge, looking at her father's head, she exclaimed: 'That head has lain many a time in my lap; would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lap!" Probably she had bribed one of the keepers of the bridge to throw it over just as the boat approached, and the exclamation was intended to avert the suspicion of the boatmen. At all events she got possession of it, and preserved it with great care in a leaden casket until her death, and it is now inclosed in a niche in the wall of her tomb in St Dunstan's church, Canterbury.

Sir Walter Raleigh's head, in a red bag, was carried to his wife, who caused it to be embalmed, and kept it with her all her life, permitting favored friends, like Bishop Goodman, to see and even to kiss it. His son, Carew Raleigh, afterward preserved it with similar piety. It is supposed now to rest in the church of West Horsley, Surrey.—Gentleman's Magazine.

OUR DUMB COMPANIONS.

The Chinese restriction act has raised the wages paid to Chinamen on the Pacific coast almost double.

A monkey in New York, got a bottle of whisky the other day, and after swallowing the contents, proceeded to rip things up generally, and even went so far as to decline to hand over the pennies that were given to him for his boss organ grinder, preferring to squander them all on himself.

A stray horse entered a Brooklyn candy store the other day, to the great terror of the proprietor, picked up some candy and held it out to the young woman clerk. While she was wondering whether the animal wanted the candy wrapped up and sent home or not, the horse's owner came in and explained that the petted beast wanted some one to hold the candy while he ate it. He was used to being fed from the hand, and thought he could eat in no other way.

An old brindle cow belonging to an Indiana man broke into another's field, and in court the owner of the field proved that the cow destroyed the following mentioned property, to-wit: Two four-year-old cherry trees, seven apple trees, five pear trees, one plum tree, 100 head of cabbage, twelve rows of beans five rods long, one row of beets one and one-half rods long, 50 to 150 sweet potatoe plants, one bed of onions, three grape vines and fourteen blackberry bushes.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In Prussia inventors appear to be rare birds, for the average number of patents issued there every year is only 100.

The population of Belgium amounted on the last day of December 1891, to 6,147,041. Brussels has about 500,000 inhabitants.

A New York barber makes the important announcement that beards have gone out of style. Smooth faces and long hair are now the thing.

For stings or bites from any kind of insect, apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve, and usually cure quickly, it is said.

Prof. R. L. Garner, of Washington, after studying the subject for eight years, has been convinced that the monkeys have a language. "I have discovered," he says, "that this language has but three consonant and two vowel sounds."

Hon. E. G. Waite, secretary of State of California, has sent George G. Spurr, of Boston, an adobe brick and an oaken shingle taken from the ruins of Sutter's Fort, now swallowed up in the city of Sacramento. For years this was the very outpost of American civilization.

A horrible accident happened at a private house in Paris. The host had invited a number of friends to luncheon. A great Danish boar hound was in the room, according to custom. A guest happened to drop his napkin, and while stooping to pick it up the dog with a spring seized his throat and killed him. There was a terrible struggle to pull the beast off, but without avail.